

Identity

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Summary: Accidentally deleted by an idiot (namely, me). Currently considering this to be a one-shot; it may or may not be continued in the future.

Identity

****Author's Note:****

>This piece was inspired by

> artBeetleJuice-Identity-117391994**

>I'm really happy with the way this turned out. I almost can't believe how proud I am of this, seeing as how I'm always criticizing everything I work on. I really LOVE this story, and I'm really excited to continue writing it. I can only hope that any readers out there are just as excited as I am.

>Please leave reviewscomments, they are greatly appreciated, and they are very motivational for me when it comes to writing.**

>I hope you enjoy!

>Also, I would like to point out that the girl here may either be considered to be an OC, or it could in fact be Lydia. However, with the way things are going right now, I may take the route of using the OC " either way, neither girl will be showing up again for some time, until I start bringing up even later chapters.

>This has also been posted to my dA account here:

> artDream-to-be-Me-186458561**

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It had been another long night, both of them doing what they always did best. He had started to constantly infuriate her, enough to the point that she threatened to say his name those three times. He didn't believe her at first, of course, but upon hearing his name fall from her lips that second time, he rushed to stop her. Grabbing

her about the waist, he dipped her down, crashing his lips against her own in a heated kiss " an effective method that worked to distract her from name calling and infuriate her even more as he thrust his tongue into her mouth. One thing led to another, as it always did.

. . .

Now, they lay together on the floor, actually having managed to tip the couch over in their flurry of tangled limbs. Sighing softly with contentment, she curled closer against the poltergeist, her frustration from earlier completely diminished at this point. She almost felt too content, realizing that every kiss always led to something even better than the last time, if that was at all possible. However, she should have learned to stop comparing the possible with the impossible, since her poltergeist was really capable of doing almost anything. It was just surprising to experience something so much better every time he did it.

They lay there for a while, their heavy breathing slowing back down to normal. She wondered if they would stay there for the rest of the night, if they would simply fall asleep where they were right then. She wondered if they would do something else, if he would lean over to place one of his sloppy kisses on her mouth to start up their lustful motions again. She wondered which piece of furniture they would flip over that time.

But they did no such thing, and she suddenly began to wonder if he had fallen asleep " although, she couldn't hear the snores that she usually associated with his sleeping form. She was too restless to fall asleep herself, as her wondering mind refused to settle. Thoughts were constantly chasing each other around inside her head.

"Beetlejuice?" she said suddenly, her voice quiet in case he really had fallen asleep.

"What?" he grunted in reply.

She frowned slightly, not sure if she should continue, but figured she might as well now that she had his attention. "What's your name?"

He laughed, and she frowned deeper, already knowing that he had misunderstood her. "You already know my name, babes, ya just said it. Hell," even though she couldn't see his face right now, she could still hear the smirk in his voice, "I had ya screamin' it just a while ago."

She blushed brightly as he laughed again, glad that the poltergeist wasn't looking down at her at that particular moment. "That's not what I meant," she mumbled, unsure of whether he would really hear her over the sound of his boisterous snickering. She realized that he must have heard her as he suddenly grew strangely silent. She took this as an invitation to continue. "I meant to ask, what's your real name? The one that your parents gave you. I doubt anyone would really name their son Beetlejuice."

"Maybe they did. Maybe I just ain't got a name." He shrugged his shoulder beneath her head. "Where are ya gettin' this from,

anyway?"

"I've just been wondering a lot, that's all," she replied softly, biting at her bottom lip. "But you must have a name; you must have been someone before you died."

"What if I wasn't?" he grunted, the sound of his gruff voice causing her to bite at her lip again in thought. "What if I was always dead?"

It almost sounded as if she had hurt his pride, having said that he was someone before he died, but she doubted such was the case. There never seemed to be anything that could ever bother Beetlejuice, aside from the fact when his name was said three times and he was cast away to the Neitherworld. She was over thinking her words too much. But his last statement caught her off guard. "That can't be true" she murmured. Surely it couldn't be true? There was no way that it could be possible for someone to have always been dead, never having truly lived their life amongst other living beings

"What if I just don't want to remember?"

End
file.